

Notes on Recent Books

Other New Fiction

Mackey, the first novel of Alexander MacFarlan, a young Scotchman, was published in this country a year ago. With an ingenious plot—the meeting, mutual deception and final mutual self-revelation of a man and a girl who were constitutional pretenders and dodgers of the pointed facts of life—it contained a certain degree of psychological knowledge, and it demonstrated the author's ability to march a set of characters the length of a book at an unobtrusively driving pace. The shortcomings of *Mackey*, which prevented the present reviewer from acclaiming Mr. MacFarlan on the strength of it as warmly as he could have wished, reduced to this—the conception was beyond the content.

We now have Mr. MacFarlan's second effort, intently entitled *The Inscrutable Lovers* (Dodd, Mead). Here is a somewhat similar plot notion, even more interesting in its potentialities. The heroine is the daughter of an Irish peasant count who is a Quixotic romantic; one surmises that Mr. MacFarlan may have had Roger Casement in mind. Every one has assumed from her birth that the daughter is of like temperance with the father, whereas actually she is revolted by everything smacking of romantic idealism, and would cheerfully marry a grocer to be safe from it. The young man, who does marry, under somewhat romantic circumstances, is the ostensibly hard-headed, matter-of-fact son of a shipowner. When matters come to a showdown he proves to be just her opposite: at bottom a confirmed sentimental romantic.

This is made into narrative with energy and plenty of conviction on the author's part. But the shortcomings of *Mackey* is repeated. The reader is convinced by the object of the matter rather than by their transition into the speech and conduct of the characters, who are made rather starkly to label their natures and their desires and states of mind, instead of being allowed to appear.

Yar The Inscrutable Lovers is interesting.

Mr. MacFarlan is decidedly worth watching, and perhaps the distance between his present position and secure accomplishment is simply the distance between originality and originality plus the equipment of experience of life.

"Yare of Youth."

Yare of Youth is the heroic tale of the youth who comes to New York from the home town to battle with the elements, leaving the pure and lovely simplicity of his childhood to all the patience on a monument until her eye is spoken, which is usually when the book is three-quarters done. Assorted ladies of low morals and business struggles fill the intervening pages, though it must be admitted that the author glances over the business and leans heavily toward the ladies. There are several endings possible to these various phases of sex, but the author has chosen the one which has been added during the past few years.

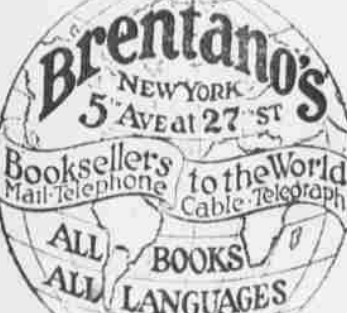
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and Bazaars
at Bermuda

Americans Also Attend Investiture Held in Council Chamber of Governor.

Special Correspondence to THE SUN AND NEW YORK HERALD.

HAMILTON, Bermuda, March 19.—Costume dances, water sports, bazaars and other events indoors and outdoors have added to the pleasures of life in Bermuda this week. The bright sunshine and blue skies which have followed a period of storm have had their part in increasing the enjoyment of sojourners. The effect of the improved weather on the flowering shrubs and other plants of the islands is very noticeable and already the oleanders are forming their masses of buds and the hibiscus hedges are in full flower.

There was a tea and dance at the Hamilton Hotel given by the members of the Sigma Delta Gamma Society in aid of the Bermuda Cottage Hospital. Bridge also was played. Water sports held at the Princess Hotel drew many spectators. The programme was presented by the Bermuda Boat and Canoe Club. The events included canoe, tub and other races. Exhibitions of swimming and fancy diving were given in the swimming pool connected with the hotel. A domino dance and masquerade was given at the St. George Hotel. This drew a large gathering, which included the governor.

The principal event of the week, which was attended by many Americans, was the investiture held in the Council Chamber by the Governor, at which the Hon. W. E. Jackson, Colonial Secretary of the colony, was invested with the insignia of a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Mr. F. Goodwin Gosling, Assistant Colonial Secretary, received the decorations of an officer of the Order of the British Empire, and the like insignia of membership in this order also were presented to Mr. E. J. Wortley, Director of Agriculture, Capt. Charles P. Pitt of the local volunteer corps, and to Mr. John J. Bushell, editor of the *Colonist and Daily News*, for services rendered during the war.

Today there was a fancy fair on the Par la Ville grounds in Hamilton, where is located the museum and library, and one of Bermuda's greatest natural features, a huge rubber tree. The fair was held by the women of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Bermuda chapter, for the Sir Christopher Cradock Scholarship Fund, which is in memory of the Admiral of that name who was in charge of naval affairs at Bermuda at the beginning of the war, and subsequently went down with his flagship, the *Good Hope*, and other vessels of his squadron during action with Von Sparre off Coronel, the German ships in turn being destroyed in action off the Falkland Islands. The scholarship provides for the education on board an English training ship of some worthy young Bermudian each year who desires to make his career in the British mercantile marine.

Races will be run on the Shelly Bay track on St. Patrick's Day under the auspices of the Bermuda and Garrison Club. Another racing meet is being arranged for Easter.

The Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., the Most Rev. C. L. Worrell, Church of England, has just arrived in the colony on a brief stay, during which the rite of confirmation will be held in various churches.

AT ORLANDO, FLA.

ORLANDO, Fla., March 20.—Many tourists in Orlando are interested in a movement which has for its object the completion of the eighteen hole golf course at the Orlando Country Club which will make this course one of the finest in the State. A nine hole course is now in use. Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Hogan of New York city are guests of her sister, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. James Macbeth, and Miss Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kaiser and daughters of Brooklyn are at the San Juan. Mr. R. G. Williams of Buffalo and his son, Mr. H. B. Williams, are in Orlando to attend a meeting of the National Banquet Fruit Package Manufacturers Association, of which Mr. Williams is the president. They are at the San Juan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clarke of New York are spending a few weeks in the city as the guests of friends. Miss Ethel May Beebe of Amityville, L. I., has arrived for a three weeks' visit with friends. Mrs. O. O. Miller of Brooklyn has reached the city and will remain through the month of March.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Perry of New York were at the Country Club dinner and dance on Tuesday night.

At the St. Patrick's Day dance at the Roseland Club Mrs. T. H. Thompson and Mrs. E. L. Farn of New York were among the hostesses.

The sojourners at the San Juan gave a reception on Wednesday, which will be followed by one each week for the remainder of the season. New arrivals at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. De Layton and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Munyon of New York.

AT CAMDEN, S. C.

CAMDEN, S. C., March 20.—St. Patrick's Day was well observed here. Races at the track and the Driving Club drew so large a crowd that one wondered if there was anybody left to follow the golf matches. However, both were well patronized. A dance at night at the Kirkwood Hotel was brilliant.

Dinner parties in homes also marked the day. Miss Olive Whitbread had one for Miss Frances Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Presbury of New York, after a week in Savannah, have returned to the Court Inn.

After spending several weeks with Mrs. E. Miller Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Regur have returned to their home in Summit, N. J.

Mr. Webster Todd, who was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Todd, has returned to Princeton.

AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., March 20.—A. A. Chamberlain of New York has arrived to spend some time at the Battery Park Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer H. Simpson of New York are here for several weeks as is Harvey Koresy. Arthur Vitch of New York is at the Battery Park Hotel, as he has been for the last ten years.

Miss Betty Danah of New York is at the Manor. Miss Mabel B. Hill of New York is here with friends. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Andrews have arrived from New York and are at the Manor.

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A WEEK-END PARTY
Introducing
The DUO-ART PIANOLAMiss Castleman's School
DADDY DEAR:

You say I seldom write you a long letter unless I want something. Well, this is going to be the exception. It's going to be a long letter, because I have lots to tell you, but its main object is to tell you of something you want—something you need very badly.

Father, I had the most wonderful time at the Lawrenson's over the week-end—it seems like a fairy dream to me.



"The world's greatest accompanists and song-writers are making record-rolls for the Duo-Art; can you imagine what this would mean to a singer or vocal student?"

I arrived Friday, late in the afternoon, but before any of the family came home. After taking off my things I went down to watch for Eleanor, who I knew was at a matinee. The drawing room was in semi-darkness. I went to the window and looked out.

A downy snow-blanket lay over everything. The sun had left a faint rose flush in the West and just above hung the slender, silver crescent moon. One by one the lights began to twinkle in the park; the sky purpled slowly. I stood spellbound and listened—for softly to my ears, as if to paint indelibly upon my mind the lovely winter scene before me, came Music—

Chopin Played Tenderly,
Beautifully

I listened almost breathlessly to the end. Then leaving the window, walked across to where stood a grand piano. Then I paused; there was no one there!

But as I hesitated, half startled, a low laugh greeted my ears and Eleanor rose from a dim corner and came toward me. Greetings over, I turned again to the piano.

"That might have been Paderewski," I said, still wondering.

"It was," she rejoined. "This was Father's Christmas present to us. It is a Duo-Art Piano. Let me show you the secret."

Paderewski's Playing Made
to Live Forever

SHE lifted a section at the front, disclosing a perforated music-roll. "Paderewski played it, and as he played, these cuttings were made in the roll and each touch of his fingers, each tone-shade, each phrase of his

interpretation was made to live forever. Just as Paderewski played his beloved Chopin at Aeolian Hall one day before he sailed for Poland, you hear it when we put this roll in the piano and press this little lever."

A Theatre Party

I listened to two or three lovely numbers and would have sat for hours drinking in the wonder of it, but Eleanor bore me away to dress for dinner, and the theatre. Six of us went to see "Buddies" that night; Eleanor's brother Jim, with two college friends of his and her cousin Nan, who is visiting her too. Such a corking show—we enjoyed it immensely. The next morning we three girls went down to Aeolian Hall and bought a Duo-Art Roll of two of the quaint, dainty songs from "Buddies" made into the snappiest Fox-Trot.

Dancing to the Music
of the Duo-Art

SATURDAY night they had a dance—fourteen couples. The drawing room was cleared for dancing and such music as the Duo-Art gave us! Daddy, it is the weirdest, most fascinating instrument! Imagine at one time its playing Chopin with all of Paderewski's genius; at another, perfect dance music; one-steps, fox-trots, the dreamiest of waltzes—as though possessed of the very spirit of Terpsichore—dashing it off with a richness, a sparkle, a clear pulsing rhythm that would make a wooden Indian dance!

Singing to Perfect Duo-Art
Accompaniments

Then in the interims between dances, Eleanor would put in the piano a music-roll of a popular song. Many of them have the words printed right on the roll, and what fun it was to gather 'round the piano and sing.

The vocal event of the evening, however, was Jim's clear, well-trained tenor singing Frank La Forge's "Like a Rose Bud" played by La Forge himself. The world's greatest accompanists and song-writers are making record-rolls for the Duo-Art; can you imagine what this would mean to a singer or vocal student?

The Magic of Josef Hofmann

When it was announced the next day that we were going to hear Josef Hofmann at Carnegie Hall, my cup of joy was full. For two hours we sat in that great dim hall and listened to the



A Stroud Upright Duo-Art Pianola (foot-impelled), price, \$375, may be purchased on monthly terms of \$20.

piano magic of Hofmann. Then home, and seated in the fire-lit dusk, we conjured the same magic music—revealed at close range in the ravishing piano playing of the master.

His technical perfection, his incomparable beauty of tone, that mystic quality which only Hofmann evokes from the piano, were as clearly distinguishable as they had been earlier in the day at Carnegie Hall.

What inspiration—what education for anyone studying music to be able



"Such perfect dance music; one-steps, fox-trots, the dreamiest of waltzes—dashing it off with a richness, a sparkle, a clear, pulsing rhythm, as though possessed of the very spirit of Terpsichore."

to hear at leisure over and over the inspired art of the great pianists such as Gabilowitch, Novace, Grainger, Ganz—forty of them there are—who play records only for the Duo-Art!

Daddy, dear, that Sunday afternoon, I pictured a Duo-Art in our living room and you and I sitting on the sofa, my head on your shoulder, listening to the music that is dearest to both of us—the things Mumie played so often when she was with us—the "Melody in F," "The Evening Star," "Kamennoi-Ostrow," "To the Spring."

Great masters have played them for the Duo-Art and they sound to me as though they played them with special tenderness and sympathy, knowing they were to place the benediction of beautiful music in countless homes—to bring sweet memories to instill the love of good music in the breasts of little children, to light the dimming path of those grown old!

L'ENVOI

I AM sending you a beautiful Duo-Art Catalogue by registered mail. Of course, the Duo-Art costs more than a plain piano, but not so very much, and it is so wonderful—it is worth anything that anyone who loves music can afford to pay. If I thought I would find a Duo-Art when I come home for Easter vacation, I should like, oh! so much to have a week-end party like Eleanor Lawrenson's, with the crowning touch of joy added by the presence of the nicest Daddy in the whole world.

Your,

Betty

If you are unable to visit Aeolian Hall at this time, cut out this coupon and mail it to us. We will send you, free of charge, the beautiful illustrated Duo-Art Portfolio.

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